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*Springtime
and Other Verses*

BY EMILY C. PITMAN



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Springtime and Other Verses



By EMILY C. PITMAN
Kirkwood, Missouri, mcmx

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Emily Coulten Pitman

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Dedicated to
S. J. B.

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Springtime and Other Verses



Springtime and Other Verses

Springtime

THE barefoot boy can hardly wait,
With his hook and line and can of bait,
To reach the stream where minnows play,
In the shadowy pool all the long day.
No pleasure so great, no time more dear,
When he knows by the signs that Spring is here.

A tender, gray green clothes the trees,
Swaying gently in the warming breeze.
The lark's sweet song, at early dawn;
The mowers reap the tufted lawn;
Awaking notes of Nature are near
From every side, for Spring is here.

White, fragrant blossoms of the locust-trees,
Now filled with busy, humming bees;
Small streams have grown into rushing rills,
The sunny air full of music thrills
To those who have a listening ear,
Need not be told that Spring is here.

The frogs' deep croak, from the marshy pond;
Birds' glad call from the woods beyond.
Burning brush scents the evening air,
Sweet odors come from everywhere.
Winds are bracing, cool and clear,
Days longer grow, for Spring is here.

In the warming sun, lambs skip and race
Over green meadows, where sun shadows chase.
Voices of children in the twilight at play,
Glad and happy at the close of day.

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Glad to know 't is the time of year
When Winter 's gone, and Spring is here.
The answering notes from nesting bird,
From tree and hedge can now be heard,
They'll soon come forth with their downy brood.
Proud to see their kind renewed
By Nature's process, to them not clear.
'T is enough to know that Spring is here.



A Summer Shower

THE dust is rising from the village street.
The air is quivering with blinding heat.
Flowers wilt, the grass is dry,
Birds seek the shade, too hot to fly.
Fowls sit with drooping wings;
Only the noisy jar-fly sings.
Beneath the burning, dazzling sun,
Small boys set forth, with joy to run
Across the meadow, to the little pool,
Where in they dash and grow quite cool.

Here comes the welcome refreshing breeze!
The muttering thunder, waving trees;
Soon the dust and raindrops meet,
Then comes to us a scent most sweet—
An earthy perfume, pure of tone,
Sweeter far than hay new-mown.
Thus swiftly comes our Summer shower.
'T is here, and gone within an hour,
Leaving sweet fragrance everywhere.
Makes clean and clear the balmy air.

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

October

THE sumach flaunts its leaves of red;
It does not seem that they are dead.
The Autumn winds will bring them down,
Soon to molder on the ground.

The fields are brown; the corn in shocks
Invites the hungry quail in flocks.
Nature is resting. A dreamy haze
Hangs over the cool October days.

The feeble chirp of insect life
Sounds sad and lonely. The air is rife
With hunting-trail in the distance calling;
On deep leaves the ripened nuts are falling.

The red, old-gold and yellow leaves,
The waving woof that Autumn weaves,
The frosty morn, the soft noon sun,
The cooling air when day is done.

Red vines cover the old rail-fence;
The air is filled with woodsy scents.
The silky milkweed sails away,
This dreamy, hazy, October day.



SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Winter

OLD Boreas, with his frosty locks,
'Twixt tempest-stirring equinox,
Has come again with blighting hand,
To shroud in frosty robes the land.

Each little wayside bush and weed,
Draped in gowns so thin, they need,
Besides the filmy, frosty white,
Warmer ones for the Winter night.

The waving branches of trees so bare,
Like arms outstretched in mad despair,
Twist and twirl in the night-winds bleak,
As 't were in pain the branches creak.

Moon-shadows quiver on the glistening snow,
As the branches above wave to and fro
To the rhythm of tempestuous nights so wild,
Like the wailing cry of a fretful child.

'T is now the home affection truly glows,
When without the frosted pane more dreary grows
The short and darkening day. Draw near the
hearth.

'T is home the place where love dwells—Heaven
on earth!



SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

On the Golf Field

BLUE skies above, green fields below,
Merrily round the links they go,
Green fields below, blue skies above,
The fairest place for making love.

Merrily round the links they go,
Shining eyes and cheeks aglow,
While flickering o'er the tufted green,
Shifting shadows may be seen.

She steps with dainty, high-bred air,
Sun-kissed cheeks, and wind-blown hair.
Shyly round the field they play—
Two games at once, that happy day.

Merrily round the links they go;
The Western sky with sunset glow
Falls on the scene; the day is done.
Two games are played—which has won?



Summer Is Nigh

WHEN bluebirds mate in early Spring,
And meadowlarks are on the wing,
And South winds come a-whispering,

And Robin Redbreast sings of love,
The wailing notes are heard above
The gentle cooing of the dove.

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Clear streams gurgle with gladsome trill;
A tender verdure covers vale and hill;
Night brings the call of the lone whippoorwill.

The plow upturns the fragrant earth;
The fertile seed will soon give birth
To slender blades of goodly worth.

Bees are abroad 'neath the calling sky;
Red tints of apple-blooms greet the eye.
All Nature is shouting, "Summer is nigh."



A Little Child

DEAR little boy, with eyes so blue,
Happy and glad the whole day through.
Only three years of life you've had
In which to learn good from bad.

Older ones must fight each day
The faults within us that have full sway.
Still we must strive life's journey through.
Patient, little boy, we should be with you.

Away down deep in your eyes so clear
Is a wonder light—strange things you hear.
Everywhere from earth to skies,
Puzzling that little head so wise.

Pure little soul, with face so dear,
Such a short while since coming here—
Into this world where all is new—
Should we expect so much from you?

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Laugh and play the whole day long,
While your heart is merry and life's a song.
Dream happy dreams of childhood, the while
Angels watch over thee, darling child!



The Peter Bird

THERE'S no music any sweeter
Than the music of the Peter
As he sings with perfect meter,
"Peter, Peter, Peter."

His notes so bold and cheer,
Should the day be dark and drear,
"Rest assured 't will soon be clear,"
Sings the tuneful Peter.

Be it Wintertime or Spring,
This little strain he'll sing,
With a joyous vim and ring,
"Peter, Peter, Peter."



SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Song of the Thrush

WHEN day is done, and evening still,
O'er the dusky lawn fireflies bright,
'T is then is heard the brown thrush trill
In sweet, low tones far into shadowy night,
A touching melody, strange and sad,
Mingling with the dewy scented air;
'T would not blend with songs more glad
Heard in the early morning fair.

When other birds have sung themselves to sleep
Or flown away into their place of rest,
When twilight deepens and the shadows creep,
The tuneful thrush, as from a sorrowing breast,
Pours forth those plaintive notes again—
Touching, oft repeated—as if to learn the part
He knows so well, a wild untutored strain,
Pleading and tender—above melodious Art.



An Old Song

SWEET music on the air so mute
Comes to me faintly from afar.
It is the sound of lonely flute
And light guitar.

What is there in this simple song
That stirs my heart to sadness?
To other days it must belong
When all was joy and gladness.

A Misty Morning

THE morning air is chill,
A gray mist hangs o'er tree and hill,
In fairy fringes, like a net
Spun silken fine, dank and wet.
No voice of rippling rill or bird,
Only a sigh and sob is heard,
As the heart of Nature silently broods
In one of her dreary, restless moods.



West Winds

FROM out of the West
Comes the wind that is best,
With a tingling of the Rockies' snow.
It makes the heart beat strong
While the soul sings a song.
Blow, brave West winds, blow!

Take a morning in June,
With the birds all atune,
The flower-laden garden aglow,
Breathe deep down the chest,
'T is the very, very best,
The West winds that blow, blow, blow.



SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

To Grow Old

WHAT is it to grow old?
To feel the heart grow cold,
While love steals silently away,
And life grows dull and gray.
When affection we most crave,
Those we loved are in the grave.



A Woman's Love

A WOMAN, if she loves a man,
Has no thought for any other;
But a man may love one woman
With the warmth of an August noon,
At the same time feel for a dozen more
Like a soft Southwind in June.
While a woman's love is tender and true,
A man is "off with the old and on with the
new."



SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Music

NO words to tell
The hopes that dwell
Within my heart.
Let music's part,
With some sweet strain,
Plead not in vain
"To reach my soul."

Touch me to tears
With hope and fears;
Let music plead,
Whate'er I need,
To lead the way.
At last it may
"Reach my soul."



The Silent Ship

IT is well, it is well, we know not the day,
The ship awaits to bear us away
Across the waters, to an unknown shore,
From which we return nevermore, nevermore.

It is well, it is well! Would we gladly go?
In the black-sailed ship—where, we do not know.
Will the watch call out, "All is well,"
When we reach the land where we shall dwell?

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

A Little Stranger

A LITTLE stranger came to us from where
I know not—he was so very bare,
With not a stitch of clothing to his name,
Yet with a loud persistent voice he did proclaim
His presence. “Name,” said I? No name had he,
Yet had the ways of royalty.
All else must stop, and one and all
Stand ready for his beck and call.
His Royal Highness must be fed,
Bathed, clothed, then snugly tucked in bed.
At last the shaded light falls on his downy cot.
He’s here to stay; no one dare say him not,
For mother’s smile rests on the little heap
Where her precious baby now lies fast asleep.



Telluride

THE little town of Telluride,
With lofty mountains on every side,
Streets so clean and water pure,
Shut in so quiet and secure
From the outside world, save once a day,
A train pulls in from far away.
From over mountains, grand canyons through,
When looking up, only a ribbon of blue
Can be seen, through towering turrets of stone,
Where by earth’s convulsions they were thrown.

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Of the little town and types one meets,
When wandering up and down the streets,
The miner gray, who is bent and old,
Given youth and health in his hunt for gold.
Strange-looking children, silent and shy,
With wizen faces, and downcast eye,
Their lives are spent on the mountains wild,
A dismal loneliness for a little child.
They gather the pinks and roses sweet,
Offering them shyly as we pass on the street.

Here it is restful—soothed to sleep
By whispering winds, through canyons deep.
The gentle tinkle of the clear waterfall,
As it tumbles down the mountain's wall.
Sleep and dream, forget the life
Where all are struggling to gain by strife
Wealth, position, somewhat of renown.
'T were better far, in this mountain town,
To rest awhile e'er we go hence,
To make for ourselves some recompense.



SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

South-Bound

WHEN 't is Fall of the year,
And frost-time is near,
Feathered songsters of every shade and hue
Sit in flocks together,
And chatter of the weather,
In their Winter coats so bright and new.
Then the time is near at hand,
When this merry little band
Will have spread their wings and flew
To the sunny land of flowers,
Where 'midst sweet, rosy bowers,
Glad songs they'll sing the whole day through.
There no Winter's snow and sleet
Can frost their tiny feet—
Only balmy air, and skies of clearest blue.



Music

MUSIC fills the heart with gladness,
Stirs the soul with pure delight,
Touches chords of weary sadness,
Tells us life is not all bright.

A mother's gentle crooning tone,
Soothing to the infant ear,
Minor strains that sadly moan,
Calling thoughts of those most dear.

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

The bugle-call, the drum and fife
Speak to hearts loyal and brave,
Who gladly give all in this life,
Filling with honor the soldier's grave.



Unrest

ONLY a bird's nest tumbled down,
From out the tree now bare and brown,
Lies in my pathway on the ground.

The birds have flown, mother and mate.
I have none left to share my fate,
My home is e'en more desolate.

Springtime will come again,
Soft winds, sunshine and Summer rain,
Birds sweetly sing their glad refrain.

Will life then much sadder be?
Can no glad song awake for me
This long and lonely reverie?

Flowers will bloom, and birds will sing,
Through sunlit woods glad voices ring,
To my lone heart glad hope will bring.



SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Vesper-Bells

DONG, dong! Bells are calling!
Sweetly falling,
On my listening ear,
So loud and clear,
Calling, calling!

Dong, dong! Come to prayer!
Comes on the air,
In tones that plead
To those who need,
Calling, Calling!

Dong, dong! List to the bells!
Their music tells,
Of that sweet time
When first their chime
Seemed calling, calling!



Life's Portion

SOME walk through life with lonely hearts,
Always sad, always sad.
Some gain in life the better parts,
Always glad, always glad.
Some are wronged, misunderstood,
Sad the while, sad the while.
Others reach all that's good,
Life to beguile, life to beguile.

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Life's lessons we must learn
For our good, for our good.
Does the sad or gay heart yearn
For what they should? what they should?
Life's portions roughly cast, the finer part
Must be work, must be work.
For the glad or lonely heart,
None may shirk, none may shirk.



Where Fairies Play

WHERE do the fairies play?
Not in the sunlit day,
Nor the dim starlight
Of a Summer night.

Where moonbeams in showers
Fall on sweet flowers,
There's where they'll be,
Playing glad and free.

On the seashore sands,
In gay, circling bands,
They trip it light and free
To the murmur of the sea.



SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

A Sleeping Child

SLEEP on, fair child!
Thy life journey is at hand.
In thy slumber, why smiled
Thou? Didst dream of some fair land
Where is found the balm of rest,
Swathed about with tender love and care.
Dreaming sweetly in thy downy nest
Of thy young mother, fair?

As yet thy waking hours and sleep
Are but as one to thee.
Thou know'st not time to lose or keep,
Thy young spirit is but newly from eternity.
All too soon thy dreams may be
Of mimic battles—scenes both strange and
sad;
Such in after years thou may'st live to see.
Sleep on, fair child! May thy dreams be glad!



At Bay View

AMIDST the bracken and the pines,
With the stillness all around,
Here a restful place one finds,
Sweet beds upon the ground.

Pine-trees whisper in soothing tones,
To purest air and bluest sky.
A clear brook ripples over stones,
Within its mossy banks near by.

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Fall asleep and gently dream,
Sunlight shimmering through the trees,
Laughing waters from the stream,
Wafted to us on the breeze.

Then a stroll through shaded pathway,
As the evening's coming on.
Watch the sunset 'cross the bay
And golden waves for out beyond.

Hear the night-birds lonely calling,
As swift the water's edge they skim;
Soon the afterglow is falling,
Into dusky twilight dim.



Life

LIFE is filled with varied dreams;
Friendship's ties must often part.
Is joy and gladness what it seems?
Smiles sometimes hide a breaking heart.



Hope

THERE are days of joy, and days of grief,
And days of calm delight.
But ever 't is the sweet belief
Bright days will follow night.

Thoughts

OUR lives are, as we older grow,
Midst our joys and sorrows,
Like a golden sunset afterglow,
That tells of pleasant morrows.



Hypocrisy

THE thoughts that in the mind and heart
We see in form and features
In those who'd play a saintly part,
Yet no less are sinful creatures.



Hope

THERE'S a touch of heartache everywhere,
The soul's oft racked with sorrow.
Our burden oft too much to bear,
Sweet hope we then must borrow.



✓ SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Grandmother

GRANDMOTHER sits in her easy-chair.
Such a dear, sweet face, and snowy hair,
Parted and brushed down close to her ears,
Just as she's worn it for many years.
She's an old-fashioned grandmother, sure enough,
Who would scorn to wear a rat or a puff;
But do not believe for even a minute,
If there's real fun going, she's not in it.
She has clear brown eyes, and as clear a mind
On recent topics as one could find.
A word of cheer for those who are sad,
A kindly smile for those who are glad.
In the sunny window where she often sits,
And with dear old hands so patiently knits
The daintiest garments, for old and young.
But hist! she'll not have her praises sung,
Still much more could be said, for she's a dear—
Life is much better for her presence here.



Christmas Morning

CHRISTMAS morning is here at last!
Blow, tiny horns, and trumpets blast.
The little ones have found their toys,
Proceed at once to make much noise,
Half-awake, and listening the night before,
For the reindeers' prancing feet at the door.

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Mother, too, is happy, in her quiet way,
Cherishing fondly each gift of the day.
She has home and affection, and that perfect love,
Which comes from within, is a gift from above,
The love of her children—to be truly a wife,
Quite fills heart and soul of a woman's life.

Father's eyes beam, with the season's good cheer.
Surrounded by all he holds sweet and dear.
His gifts he surveys with a critical eye,
Yet he will not be critical; he'd sooner die;
To use them or wear them, he sincerely fears,
Would positively bring most men to tears.



Little Lucy

LITTLE Lucy was buried 'neath the snow of
December,
Long years ago; but well I remember
The little white coffin—the dear sweet face,
The folded hands, as if saying her grace.

The house was so still, all were so sad,
It seemed we could never wish to be glad.
A pure-white soul had taken its flight—
The sunniest day seemed dark as night.

We laid her away 'neath the snow softly falling,
Our grief-stricken hearts loudly calling
For the precious child we loved so well—
Why should she be taken? Who could tell?

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Years have gone by, she has grown with the years
A sacred memory—but no longer with tears
Do we call back that sweet spirit, pure as the snow,
Beneath which we laid her long ago.



A Dream

AGAIN my head rests on my mother's arm,
Snug, close, secure, away from harm.
In sweetest tones, so low and deep,
She bids me sleep, bids me sleep,
While tender eyes adown upon me beam—
Ah, 't is but a dream! 't is but a dream!

I dream again—and feel my mother's arm enfold
My baby form. Ah, now I'm old!
What ecstatic joy to me 't would bring,
Could I but hear once more that sweet voice sing
Me to slumber sweet, slumber sweet!



Love

YES softly beaming,
Voice love-laden—seeming
To caress, enfold, feeling
Soul to soul appealing,
Heart-strings tuning to glad songs
Seeking out where Love belongs.

Dead Hope and Love

WHEN hope is dead, and love no more
Fills the heart with pure delight,
When sorrows shadow o'er the day-dreams,
Make of life one endless night,
Not a star-gleam out of darkness,
Cheers the soul, or lights the way,
Over troubled weary waiting,
For the light of day.
Yet lives are lived without love,
True hearts blighted and lone,
Wandering on in saddened longing,
For the lost love that's gone.



Life's Mystery

I DO not know—
Doubts come and go.
Life's here today;
Tomorrow gone away.
We drink of sorrow;
Long for the morrow
A glimpse of gay to bring.
Once more we sing.
'T is love and wrath
As down the path
Of life's short day,
Then out and away.
Ah! could it be
Less a mystery?

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

The Wandering Soul

THERE are days when the soul seems far away,
Gone forth, as it were astray,
Vague voices call from the dim past,
Beckoning us—where? Our thoughts run fast.
Is it some lost thing from life we miss,
A gladness of heart—a kiss,
That should have been ours,
A little token—a bunch of flowers?
'T is all like shadowy dreams,
We can not reason why thus it seems.



Reminiscence

A NEW moon hangs in the Western sky;
A cricket sings in the grass near by,
A sleepy Southwind comes and goes,
Bringing the scent of the sweet June rose
From the old-fashioned garden, where a tangled
mass
Of pinks, sweet peas, and ribbon-grass,
Grow in wild confusion, side by side,
Sending forth their fragrance, far and wide.
'T was just such a moon, 't was just such a night,
Long years ago, in the soft twilight,
When daylight died into sunset glow,
In the dear old garden we walked to and fro;
We walked together—long, long years—
'Til death parted our pathway, mid silent tears.

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

The Old Home

OUR young folks are married, have homes of their own,
Just Father and I left here all alone.
No more merry whistling, or careless bit of song,
From early in the morning, and all day long.
There is quiet in the old home; and when the moon
rides high,
And slow shifting shadows cross the Winter sky,
We've such a sense of loneliness, we seem to need
them here,
Our lives to brighten, and our old hearts to cheer.
Oh yes, they come to visit us, but they are not the
same;
They've changed in every way, when they changed
their name.
We would not have it otherwise, we know it's life,
and right
That they should make new homes, and make them
glad and bright.
It's when we need them most, the problem is not
clear,
How can they be so happy, when far away from
here?



SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

The Mill

ALL day long, when the air was still,
Came the constant hum from the old red mill,
Where it nestled down at the foot of the hill.

When tasks were done and 't was time for play,
'T was down by the mill, the long Summer's day—
By the shy little stream that laughed on its way.

There we hunted the dewberries, luscious and
sweet;
The kind old miller filled our pockets with wheat—
The days were happy, and time was fleet.

The wild flowers beckoned, birds chanted above—
All the merriest songsters—and the gentle ringdove.
Ah, 't was surely a spot to remember with love:
Down by the old red mill.



Life

ARE the vanities of life satisfying?
Does not the soul keep crying
For better things thought and labor brings?
He who lives with constant care
Learns patiently to bear,
To feel, when day is done,
Out of life's struggle has won.
Are we here to shirk, or do the Master's work
Each minute, hour and day?
Life is not given all for play.

SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

Country Lovers

THE sun has set, 't is growing late;
Jennie's waiting at the gate.
She dreads to hear her mother calling,
"Come in the house; the dew is falling."
She much prefers to stand and wait
For Ephraim's coming at the gate.
Once inside the house, she knows
The father's talk will be, "How grows
The crops?" and "How's your mule?"
And mother will talk of Sunday-school,
While Ephraim twists, and scarcely dare
Glance at Jennie's soft brown hair,
Or note the lovelight in her eyes.
For the old people are the veriest spies:
Can discover as much by a look or word,
As though a long conversation they'd heard.
The old saying that "What can't be cured
Must," silently, patiently, "be endured."
So these young lovers do not repine,
But quietly wait the stroke of nine,
When father will say, "'T is bedtime quite,"
And mother bid softly a kind good-night.
Alone at last, these lovers so shy—
'T was ever outrageous on such scenes to spy.



SPRINGTIME AND OTHER VERSES

A Cute Youngster

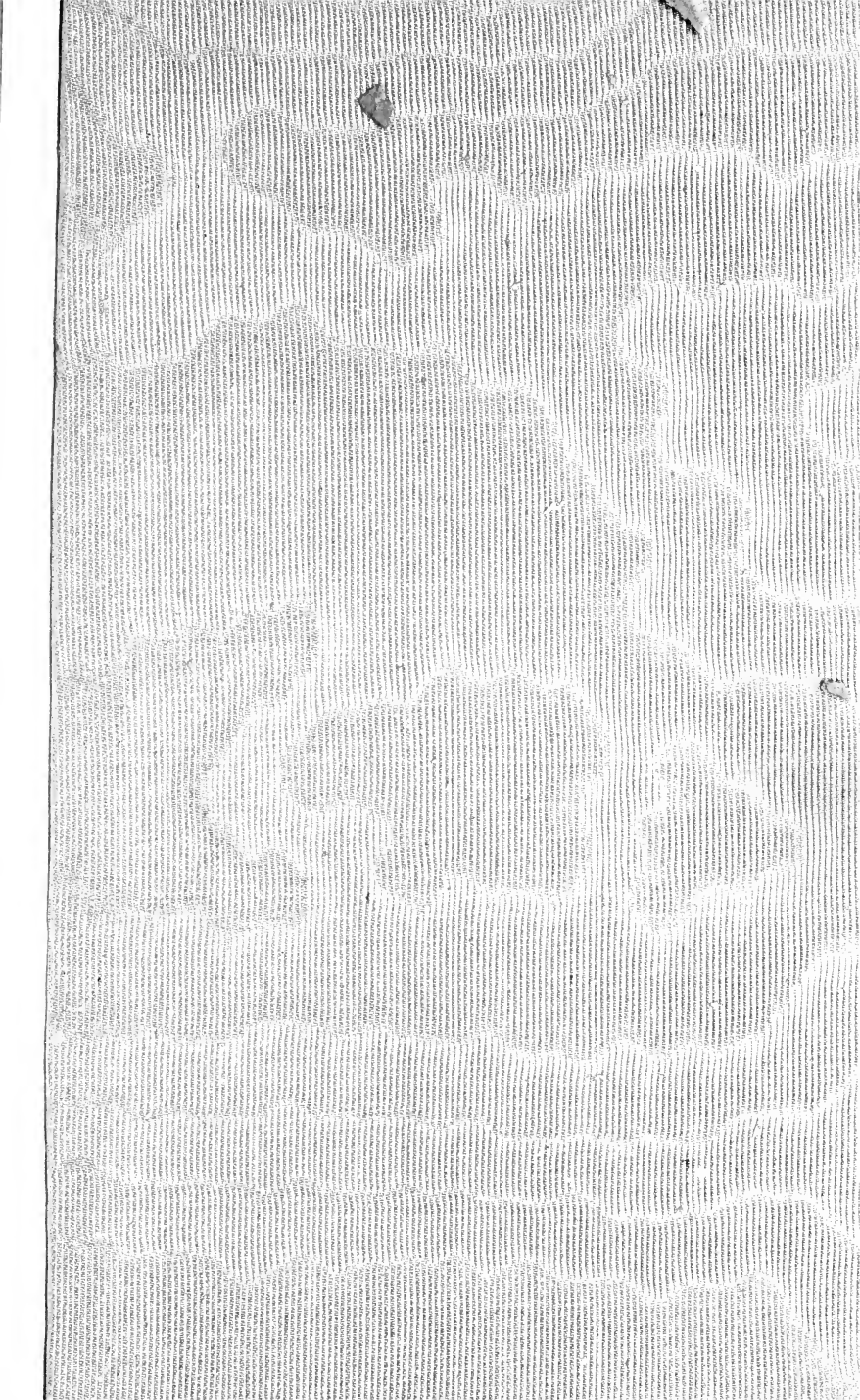
HERE is my little foxy boy,
Full of life, full of joy.
All day long he runs and plays,
That's the way he spends his days.
Once he climbed a tulip-tree,
Called his Daddy to come and see.
Daddy ran quick, saw such a sight,
His little boy upset quite.
His feet were up, his head was down,
In great danger of breaking his crown.
He loves his dogs, his cats, his chicks,
Loves among them all to mix.
He often rides his pony, too—
The one he named Kentucky Sue.
He loves his Daddy most, I'm sure,
Unless he has a pain to cure,
Then Mother dear is best of any,
For no one else would he give a penny.







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